You knew who I was with every step that I ran to you
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You knew who I was with every step that I ran to you

by Sm_dead

Summary

Will is fucked up over Emory Scott - the only person who can save him from his self-destructive thoughts now is his best friend, Damon Torrance.

Or

What happened after Will entered Damon's room in Nightfall

Notes

The fuck do you mean there's no Will Grayson/ Damon Torrance tag??! This fandom has like 0 fanfics so I made it my duty to fill these tags.

Title from Someone New by Hozier

Enjoy the sad gays- they're miserable and sad and tragic and sad and-

See the end of the work for more notes

“I’m a fucking disappointment.” Will can’t stop the tears from flowing as Damon leads him to his bed. “I won’t ever be more than this, will I?”

Damon gently pushes him onto the mattress until Will’s knees buckle and he sits down. “Shh,” he soothes as he unzips the brunet’s hoodie. But he doesn’t answer the question. Will’s not sure if he wants the answer anyway.

As soon as the hoodie is out of the way, revealing a sweat stained white shirt beneath, Damon cups his cheek. Coal eyes meet the green of a rainforest and all Will wants to do is drown.

“Make me forget,” he whispers; his voice barely a tremble.

Damon’s lips crash down on his like the sea on a cliff. A desperate last try at self-destruction, addictive in its painful procedure, over and over again. Will feels it, sees himself, his body breaking against the cold stone over and over until he’s not sure what is cliff and what is ocean, what is suffrage and what is passion, what is Damon and what is him.

He understands though, with his hand fisted in raven strands and his best friend’s tongue down his throat, he needs to feel Damon tonight. All of him. He needs to be so close to him that he doesn’t know where he ends and Damon begins. He’ll feel better because Damon gets it. Damon loves him and maybe it’s not the kind of love he wishes for but right now it is enough.

The other boy sticks a hand down Will’s pants, stroking him through his boxer briefs, and he groans at the friction.

“It’s okay,” Damon breathes. “You’re Will Grayson the third and you can have whatever you want. You don’t need her.” His mouth trails down Will’s neck, leaving open mouthed kisses. The saliva cools on his skin and Will shivers.

His free hand fists the blanket beneath him and he’s not sure when they went horizontal, can’t remember when Damon pushed them both flat on the mattress. But the weight of him on his abdomen, his muscular thighs straddling his waist, makes him get lost in the sensations happening to him.

When Damon pulls up Will’s shirt to lick over his nipples, Will moans. “Please, D.” He’s not sure what he’s asking for, not sure he wants to

know.

Damon kisses down his chest, over his ribs to his stomach and all the way down to the waistband of his jeans until Will feels dizzy with it. “You can have me,” he whispers as he tugs both Will’s pants and briefs down in one go. “I’m right here, Will. I’m not going anywhere.”

And Will sobs. He feels the tears roll down his face, hot and salty they burn into his skin. Damon licks his palm and strokes the hot flesh of Will’s dick ever so slowly. Leaning up, he catches the little salt droplets on his tongue; kissing Will’s tears away.

“You’re so much stronger than this, a fighter. Nothing can keep you down,” Damon keeps whispering. Raising their volume to more than these quiet murmurs feels wrong, displaced. Some things are better left as quiet breaths in the night. Some things feel more real when your voice shakes with the emotions it takes to contain yourself, the emotions it takes to let go.

“You’re so brave facing everything with a smile on your lips.” Damon presses the words into his skin with his lips. Searing hot like he’s branding Will with affection; trying to make him believe the words too.

Will’s body shakes with his sobs, proper and ugly they wreck his body - he just wants to forget. Just for tonight, he wants to be someone worthy, someone who deserves all the good things in his life. He has money, influence, a secure future - why can’t he just be happy? He has no right to feel this miserable.

Damon’s hand works him but it’s not enough. He still feels useless, can still think and he just wants his head to float and not a single thought to plague his mind-

“Fuck me,” he chokes out. “Please, D, fuck me.”

Damon halts his movements, searches Will’s face for any sign of uncertainty. But all he finds is desperate need. “I’ve never-”

“Me either,” Will assures. “But I want you to.”

“It’s gonna hurt. I don’t have any lube.”

Will shakes his head. “I don’t care. I want you to, D. Please.”

Damon takes in his best friend beneath him, his half-naked body, the

sweat and spit making his skin shine, the snot and tears blurring the boy's vision. He's a pathetic mess. And he needs Damon.

"Be right back, just stay here and get your shirt off, if you want. I'll just be a second-" He is already moving off the bed as he says that last part, hurrying into the bathroom where he grabs a bottle of unscented lotion. He's not fucking Will without lube. Hopefully this'll do the trick.

Back on the bed he sees Will has indeed tossed his shirt and moves to do the same. Skin on skin contact will probably ground him, right?

"I'm right here," he murmurs, capping open the bottle and dripping some on his fingers. Then he realises what he's about to do and squirts on some more until his fingers are positively drenched. Damon moves on top of the other again, his bare chest brushing against Will's nipples. He plasters their sweaty bodies against each other, sealing Will's lips with his own. His lubed hand moves to Will's opening, circling around the tight ring of muscle. Damon swallows the other's whines, holding himself back from rutting against his leg. This is for Will, not him.

His index finger finally breaches Will just as Damon drives his tongue into his mouth. Up to the first knuckle, Damon keeps pushing. "Relax," he whispers against Will's spit-slick lips. "I'll go slow, so slow. Let me in Will."

Will whimpers but nods his head frantically and suddenly Damon is in until the last knuckle. He wiggles his finger around a bit, pushes and prods to get the tense muscles to stretch. Pulling back out until his second knuckle he pushes back in and Will goes rigid.

"Fuuuck," he gasps. "There- right there, D! Please- *ah*"

Damon grins, he's never done this before and still he manages to find Will's prostate no problem. Maybe he really just has natural talent. "I give you all you want Will, everything you can ask for." He kisses around the tender skin of Will's nipples, flicking one with his tongue before nibbling it gently. Sliding in a second finger, Damon starts scissoring them.

Will throws his arms around Damon, one behind his neck, fisting the hair at his nape, the other needily grasping at Damon's bare shoulder, his nails leaving red lines behind. "I'm stretching you now Will, getting you all sloppy and ready for me. And then-" He moves in a third one too and Will groans. "I'm gonna fuck you with my cock. I'm

gonna fuck you so good, Will - you won't remember her name or why you came here in the first place when I'm done with you."

Damon leaves teeth-shaped bruises all around Will's neck, sucking hickeys into his chest so Will will remember this in the morning and not the shit that happened before. "Does it hurt?" The sensations must be enough to get Will to stop thinking about some stuff at least, considering how his tears had stopped.

"So good," Will moans right into his ear and Damon feels himself throb in his pants. Fuck, this is turning him on beyond belief. "Want you so bad, D. Please, I can take it-" Will looks him straight into the eyes, raking his nails down Damon's back and moans. "I want you."

And at this point Damon doesn't care, if Will is saying this to convince himself, to push away his thoughts about what he can't have or if this is just for Damon. This is the first time Will has ever done this.*Just for me*.

He pulls his fingers back out, maybe a bit too fast because Will winces, scurries to remove his own sweatpants and boxers. Next he searches for the discarded bottle of lotion and squeezes so much on his dick that it drips onto the mattress.

"Roll over, baby." He bites his tongue at the pet name. That slipped without his permission, damn it.

But Will just pouts. "I want to see you."

Fuuuck, he doesn't know what he's doing to Damon, does he? Damon dives down to kiss him, sloppy on the lips until it's all just spit. "Me too but it's easier on your back."

Suddenly Will locks his legs around Damon's waist and rolls them both over; Damon on his back on the mattress and Will straddling his waist. "Like this then," he whispers.

He takes Damon in his hand, the other groaning at the sudden friction, then ever so slowly lowers himself onto his dick. As soon as the head crowns him, both boys moan out loudly. Damon takes his hips into his hands, burying his nails into the toned muscle. "Steady baby, don't push yourself."

Will whines, his legs tremble, there must be a burn at the stretch.

"Shh, I got you. I got you, Will." Damon kisses over his chest again,

lapping up the sweat on his skin, until Will gathers his bearings enough to sink down another inch.

“Damon!” He draws out his name, eyes squeezed shut so tightly.

“You got me in a vice grip here, baby. Relax, you’re doing so good. Relax for me.”

Will shakes violently in his hold, apparently losing all control over his body. “I can’t- D, I can’t, please, *please*-”

Damon growls, moves up while still sheathed inside the other so he’s sitting upright, the headboard behind him. He grabs the pillow to his left and shoves it beneath Will’s back, which is now arched beautifully as Damon holds his hips down on his lap. He can’t move his own hips like this but he can ever so carefully move Will down with the grip he has on his waist. The boy in question holds onto his arms, digging his nails in for purchase.

“Half-way there, baby. Come on, you’re doing so well.” Damon wants to kiss him but he would have to snap in half for that. He’ll reposition soon but this is the best he can think of to get Will used to his dick at the second.

“Move, move please,” Will pants.

Damon can’t deny that request, ever so slowly he sinks Will further down on his cock until he bottoms out; flush skin to skin and Will moans beautifully.

“Fuck, D- you’re so big holy shit.”

A chuckle escapes him. “Yeah? So you admit it?”

“Admit what?”

Damon grins down at him. “That my cock’s bigger than yours.”

Will tips his head back with a groan, rolling his eyes. Damon twitches inside him, wants to see that expression on his friend for a totally different reason. “You’re such an idiot, honestly. The only thing I’m admitting is that I’m worried about the girls you’re fucking.”

Damon laughs. “You thinking ‘bout other girls when I’m inside you?” To emphasise his words he slightly rolls his hips, just as much as the position will allow, and Will forgets all the witty remarks on his

tongue.

“Yeah you’re right, just fuck me.” Will squeezes his eyes shut.

In two quick seconds Damon is positioned above him while Will’s ass lies on the pillow, the raised position giving easy access to the other. Will’s gasp of surprise is stolen from his mouth by Damon’s lips as the latter finally starts thrusting.

Damon has a vice grip on his waist, kissing all over his lips and face while Will has one hand fisted into the comforter and the other around Damon’s neck, keeping him close.

“So good for me,” Damon rumbles. “So perfect. Will you feel perfect, do you hear? Fucking perfect.” He sinks his teeth into the flesh where throat meets shoulder, making Will cry out in pleasurable pain.

The latter raises his legs and crosses them at the ankles over Damon’s back. “I need you.”

“Shh, I know. I’m right here baby, ok? I’m not going anywhere, I’m right here.”

Will looks all desperate and messy and it’s doing things to Damon’s heart that it absolutely shouldn’t. “Please cum in me,” he whispers and Damon’s world stops spinning.

“I’m not wearing a condom Will, that’s bad enough already-”

“I don’t care!” He grabs Damon tightly by the hair, levelling their eyes. “I’m clean and I’d bet my last penny you are too so please, Damon.” His eyes are filled with liquid need. “Claim me.”

Damon groans, dick twitching so hard it’s almost painful. He thrusts roughly into Will, one, two, three times all the while velvety walls drag along his shaft achingly sweet. With a fourth thrust he still, buried to the hilt, his release washing over him.

Will’s lips fall open on a silent scream, eyes squeezed shut as the sensations overwhelm him until they shoot back open when he feels a hand around his dick.

“Come on Will, I gave you everything, it’s only fair you give me this one thing.” He licks over Will’s lips. “Give me your cum baby.”

That whole thing is hot, Damon all sweaty and spent, asking him to

cum and everything but what does it for Will is the pet name. That stupid pet name. A term of endearment; he feels beloved.

He coats Damon’s hand with his sperm, whining when the oversensitivity starts in as Damon milks every last drop from him. Not a single thought exists in his head when he pulls Damon’s head down to his, crashing their lips back together.

Will falls asleep that night in his best friend's bed, his back pressed to the other’s naked chest, a heavy arm slung around his waist and the constant hot puff of Damon’s breath on his neck.

For once in God knows how long he feels loved.

End Notes

I kinda doubt anybody's gonna see this 'cause the fandom is fucking nonexistent on here so...if you did, here's your prize *gives medal*

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